TED KENNEDY: HIS TRIUMPHS AND TRAGEDIES

Choice excerpts from a revealing new book about the last Kennedy brother. Here, Senator Kennedy talks frankly about Chappaquiddick, his private life—and running for President. BY LESTER DAVID

The fun has gone out of politics for Edward Moore Kennedy.

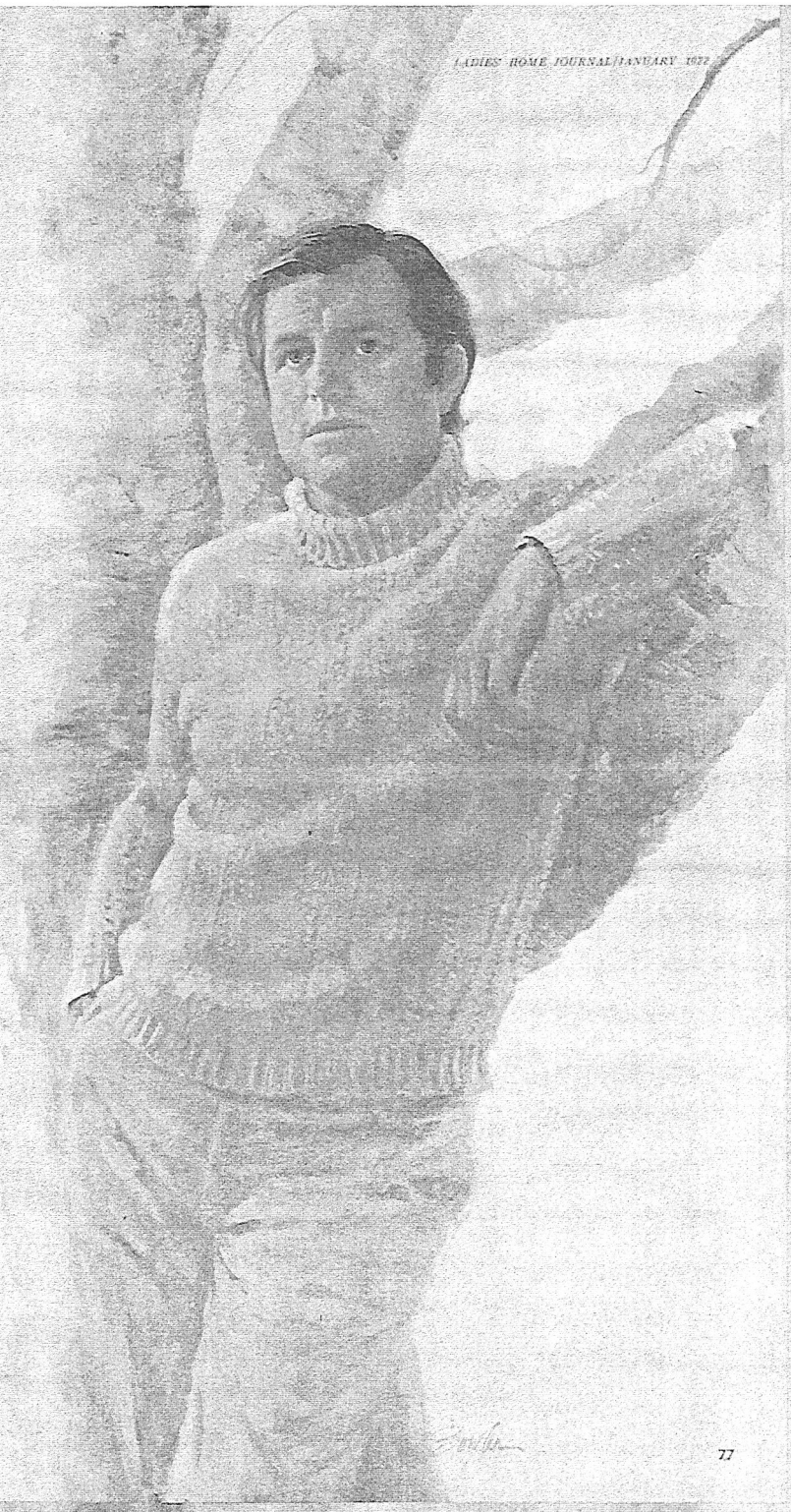
Gerry Doherty, his campaign manager, sees it clearly. Ted's Harvard buddies, with whom he has maintained close ties through the years, are certain of it. Dave Powers, a Kennedy family intimate for a quarter of a century, knows it's true.

And Senator Kennedy himself agrees.

He will still flash his dazzling, white-toothed smile from a podium, wave to cheers as he strides in a parade, stand on barroom tables to bellow old songs, dash across a street to pump hands until his own huge ones are red and sore.

The performance is there, and it is great. He is giving the people what they want—the same kinetic charm of the other Kennedys they remember. But most of the time, as Ted goes politicking, he is merely an actor playing a role he knows well and can carry off with professional polish.

Dave Powers says: "His heart just isn't in politics any longer. He used to enjoy it so; the marching in the street, the crowds, the big picnics. He'd have that smile from ear to ear. He just loved it all and he was so good at it. From the time he was in his teens, Ted was the most natural campaigner I ever saw. I went every foot of the way with Jack Kennedy in 1960. Teddy was in that campaign, eager as a kid getting to play with the big boys. There was that Sunday in Parkersburg, West Virginia, during the primary race against Hubert Humphrey. When I walked into Jack's bedroom to get him up for Mass, I found he had lost his voice. There was a big rally that afternoon and we were considered (continued on page 128)



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to be way behind Humphrey. Jack grabbed a pad and wrote: 'Get Ted.'

"In a political campaign, all the Kennedys followed a schedule. Everyone knew where the others were all the time. I looked up the schedule and got Ted in his hotel room in Charleston, South Carolina. He canceled everything, got into a car and whipped right up to Parkersburg, arriving by early afternoon.

"He got there in time for the big ox roast, a carnival type thing with music, pretty girls, pink lemonade and plenty to eat. He got up to speak and he was sensational. Jack was up there on the platform, beaming. Later, on the plane to Weirton, West Virginia, where Ted was to pinch-hit again, Jack cautioned him jokingly not to be too good. He wrote a note to Ted on his yellow pad: 'Don't forget who the candidate is!'

"Afterward, we dropped Ted off at Charleston and flew back to Washington. On the way, Jack wrote me another note: 'Teddy was great!'"

He still is, whenever he chooses to be, but for him it's make-believe. As part of the profound change his personality has undergone since his middle thirties, Ted Kennedy finds it increasingly difficult to derive joy from anything.

Dick Clasby, the Harvard football star who married Ted's cousin, Mary Jo Gargan, and knows him about as intimately as anyone, says Ted "was one of the greatest laughers I'd ever known. There was a joy in the guy that came from deep within. Now he has to reach for the enjoyment. It's not spontaneous any more. The fun he gets out of things never lasts very long."

Kennedy himself knows he is a different man now. "There is a challenge in politics," he has said. "You say to yourself, 'I wonder if I can do it,' and then, later, you might say, 'I think I can do it,' and you try and you succeed and it's a wonderful thing.

"I used to like the people, the rough-and-tumble of politics, but all that changed after . . . after . . . after 1963."

And all those other people who saw him and worked with him daily—aides, intimate friends, household staff, senatorial colleagues—have become sharply aware that the man once described by reporter William V. Shannon as "the most extroverted, relaxed and genial of all the brothers" was no longer, as one buddy put it, "the same old Ted."

If you have never been there before, the famous Kennedy summer retreat on the ocean bluffs at Hyannis Port, Mass., is hardly impressive from Scudder Ave., the two-lane macadam road that winds there from the souvenir shops of tourist-swollen Hyannis two miles back. The Kennedy homes lie behind a six-foot cedar fence, built for privacy and security after John Kennedy was elected President. There's nothing much to see from the road. Only the presence of a policeman suggests that the place may be special.

Squaw Island, where the Ted Kennedys have their vacation home, is a mile away from the other Kennedy homes, across the causeway, through two great stone pillars and up a hill. PRIVATE ROAD, a sign says here, RESIDENTS ONLY. No name marks the entrance of the 11-room Early American cottage hidden behind the tall trees and bushes that line the narrow road. Its shingles haven't weathered yet; they are still silvery gray, though in time they will darken in the salt air. In front of the house is a small paved area. A bicycle lies on its side just inside the two-car garage. An unwashed white GTO, two years old, stands before the white door where Senator Kennedy parked it the night before.

Bare feet and chest

I rang the bell and, a moment later, Ted Kennedy came to the door. He was wearing deep purple knit slacks and a black shirt, open at the neck, exposing a mat of gray chest hair. His feet were bare. He had returned the evening before from a five-day sailing and camping trip with his children Kara, who'll be 12 this February 27, Ted Jr., 10, and Patrick, 4, and other Kennedy offspring. The August sun had burned his nose and forehead, which were bright red and peeling. It was obvious that the mosquitoes had not been kind to him, but it had all been great. "We sailed along the coast and just put in for the night at any likely spot we found and made camp. Old Ethel got all bitten," he chuckled, "but she loved it and so did the kids. Teddy is especially crazy about camping and he's awfully good at it. Knows what to do, makes the fire, cooks. He wants to do it all the time."

While we talked in the large square living room, young Teddy came down, his blond hair shoulder length, his slender body in a sports shirt and tie-dye shorts. Like his father, he was barefoot. His features, preadolescent delicate, bear a striking resemblance to his mother, Joan's. He shook hands gravely, then disappeared outside.

Like all rooms in which the Kennedys live and work, this one is filled with family memorabilia. Pictures are everywhere. On the piano are yachting race cups won by the boys. "My mother was cleaning out the attic," Ted said, "and she wanted to throw these out! Look at them!" They were inscribed to Joe Jr. (who was killed in World War II), John and Ted.

In front of a window rests a five-foot-long, hand-crafted model of an old sailing ship, perfect in every detail. "My brother Bobby gave it to us as a wedding present," Ted said. "He saw it in Altman's one day and knew right away we'd love it. It couldn't be stripped down or wrapped, so he just said he'd take it the way it was, and he did. He carried it down the elevator, out the door and all the way down Park Avenue and, somehow, got it to us."

Kennedy led the way across the room to the railed-in terrace overlooking the Sound. Andrée Imbert, the Kennedys' French cook, brought a tray with coffee. Kennedy popped a saccharin tablet in his cup.

He grabbed cushions from a stack and put them on the metal sun chairs. Looking over the rail of the terrace, he pointed out the sights. "Over there," he said, "at the foot of the breakwater, is Dad's house. There's a fine stretch of beach down there." He grinned. "It was down there that I asked Joan to marry me."

"Ahead"—pointing—"just at the horizon is Martha's Vineyard. You can just barely make out the outline of the shore. It's about 25 miles, a nice sail." (Right off Martha's Vineyard lies the small island of Chappaquiddick. There, one dark July night in 1969, Senator Kennedy, accompanied by a Washington secretary named Mary Jo Kopechne, drove his car off a narrow bridge into a tidal pond. Miss Kopechne drowned; the Senator survived—but his reputation did not.)

Close up, Ted's face is unlined, the bluish-green eyes are set deep, and they narrow when he smiles. The teeth are white, strong and straight, the nose prominent and slightly curved, the chin jutting. His hair, damp with perspiration, was long in the current fashion, reaching his collar in the back. Strands of gray were sprinkled liberally among the brown, a fact that may surprise those who still look upon him as the "kid brother." Another surprise: this February 22, Ted Kennedy will be 40.

Kennedy talks rapidly. The famous Boston accent, the unmistakable Kennedy intonation, is there—but it is considerably less apparent in conversation.

He does not hesitate over a thought, as though debating whether it ought to be expressed, but says it straight out. Nor does he set any ground rules—as high-ranking political figures frequently do—that "quotes" be cleared before publication, that certain statements be considered "off the record" or "for background only."

Young people interest him enormously and he wanted to talk about them. He spoke compassionately of their anger, bewilderment and frustrations. He believes utterly that they can help ease this country's tensions and heal its ominous divisiveness.

"Young people are way out in front already," he said. "They see things with greater clarity than the old-line politicians presently in charge. They cut through the old slogans and meaningless rhetoric down to the bone, and they see much that is wrong, unfair, intolerable.

"Kids out in front"

"Look at the two most important issues of our times for the past ten years—the war in Southeast Asia and civil rights. In both of these, the kids have been out in front. Back in 1962, the young people were talking about the war, and they didn't like it even then, although in 1963 we had lost only 137 Americans there and the year before hardly 50. And still the kids were cutting to the bone and telling us we were wrong to be there.

"In the 1960s, the kids, white and black, were in the forefront of the battle for civil rights. On a Monday afternoon, February 1, 1960, four freshmen from the all-black North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College in Greensboro asked for service at a Woolworth's lunch counter, were refused—and they stayed.

"The incident was headlined in the newspapers. In my own student days, I suppose my college generation would have shrugged its shoulders and gone on to the sports pages. But this time it was different. Students throughout the north identified with the young idealists sitting in at that lunch counter. Before long, many thousands were demonstrating in sympathy.

"From that point on, student involvement in the cause of civil rights grew and grew. They came from the North to demonstrate in the South, to teach black children. They were our national conscience, telling us loudly that something was terribly wrong, and eventually they helped awaken the whole country.

"They were way ahead of the politicians on those issues, just as they're ahead of them in other ways. This is more than a generation in protest: this is a generation in action, and there's a vast difference.

"Last spring, the overwhelming majority of law school graduates at Harvard went into some area of public service. Only five entered law firms! In medical schools, it's the same thing—many young doctors are by passing private practice for some form of public health service. Increasing numbers of business school graduates are moving into the development of minority enterprises."

He warned of the danger *(continued)*

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that young people, passionately seeking change, may be discouraged when change does not come rapidly enough. "There are no easy answers, no panaceas," he said. "No one candidate will come soaring out of the sky and suddenly make all things right. There's a long pull ahead and young people must not sink into apathy."

A few weeks later, in an address at the Harvard Law School Forum, Kennedy was to warn students against a creeping apathy that was more reminiscent of the 1950's silent generation than the activism of the '60s. He urged the college generation to register to vote; work to prevent infringement of voting rights by local officials; use the "leverage of the campus" to organize young people, and especially young people in the ghettos.

And a few weeks before, on what would have been President Kennedy's 53rd birthday, Ted had said in a television interview that he would urge all the Kennedy children to join in this great drive and devote their lives to public service.

"Their talents should be devoted toward not their own personal kinds of satisfaction but toward helping others," he said. "That's really what Robert Kennedy would have wanted of his children and President Kennedy would have wanted of his."

"It's always with me"

Chappaquiddick is never far from Ted Kennedy's mind. Since it was the most important tragedy in terms of his political career and personal impact, I asked if we might talk about it.

As to the facts, they have been given under oath and the testimony is now a matter of court record. Legally, the case is closed and Kennedy won't discuss the details. But he would talk about the tragedy's effect upon him and his family.

"Obviously it has had a deep personal impact in terms of my own personal existence. It's with me, and will always be with me.

"I'll never forget that," he said. He was silent for a long moment and then repeated, this time almost in a whisper, "I'll never forget that."

In January of 1971, shortly after the Chappaquiddick inquest, he was having dinner with Joan at a hotel on one of the Caribbean islands. He pecked morosely at his food throughout the meal, saying little. Joan did most of the talking. Finally, toward the close of the meal, she leaned over the table and took his hand. "Ted," she said, loudly enough to be overheard, "you've got to forget about that. You can't live with it forever."

Ted is acutely aware of the damage the tragedy has done to his family. Even though all the Kennedys have grown more or less hardened to talk of scandal, the gossip that swept the world about this incident hurt more than almost anything else said about any of them. A few days before I interviewed Ted, a close friend of his told me: "It depresses Ted that people would consider him so brainless as to mastermind a 'sex binge' so close to his own home, with so many people, in the presence of an employee and in a place right on a main road with other people and other houses around. People who want to think the worst don't stop to consider the utter brainlessness of such a thing, and in the meantime the story spreads and the Kennedys get tarred."

"Do you think," I asked Ted, "that the accident will have a continuing impact so far as your political career is concerned?"

"I suppose it will," he replied. Nevertheless, he told me, he will not allow the issue and the possible reaction to it to affect his political plans. "Whether the accident is fading as an issue or not is *not* my criterion for being in public office or staying out of it."

"On January 21, 1971, you were deposed as Senate Democratic whip, though most experts counted you a sure winner. Do you believe this defeat may have been due to what happened on Chappaquiddick?"

"No, I don't think so," Senator Kennedy replied. He looked out over the calm, blue-gray water, then leaned over to toy with his coffee cup, which he had emptied in a single gulp.

"You talk about the tragedy on the island and that's something I cannot forget. But can one assign priorities to tragedies, distinguish one from the other? There have been a lot of other tragedies in my life, and I'm not going to forget them, either."

I recalled that a Marine Corps sergeant in Washington had told me something about Kennedy that few people know. Two or three evenings each week, between 10 and 11 o'clock, he drives alone to his brothers' graves in Arlington National Cemetery and stands for 20 minutes to a half hour in silent prayer and thought. Then he walks to his car and drives home.

How does a man endure so much without being all but destroyed inside? The reply comes in a low voice.

Loved, but not pampered

"I was fortunate," he said, "to have had a father who was such a forceful personality and a mother who was not only strong but believed in some basic but pretty sensible virtues that work. My parents had a rather simple philosophy, actually. We were loved but we were never pampered. My parents believed in instilling into their children a love of God, the need to be self-reliant and a deep respect for America and its institutions. They believed that if you were lucky to have made a good life in this country, you must be grateful enough to give a great deal back in the form of public service.

"I was also fortunate to have had the guidance and example of my brothers and sisters. It wasn't always the easiest thing to be the youngest in the family, but it was a good spot from which to learn. You come out of such a crucible able to face life, able to face its harsh realities, able to go on meeting the challenges. You have a faith in God and a confidence in yourself, and this lets you go on."

He fell silent. As I groped for another question, I was grateful for an interruption from flame-haired Patrick, a month past his fourth birthday.

"Hi-i-i-i, Patrick!" his father called, his mood changing swiftly. He picked up his youngest child and swung him high above his head, then lowered him to his face, kissed him and whispered: "Will you take me swimming today, huh?" Patrick nodded vigorously.

On his feet, Patrick thrust upward a yellow and purple toy: "I've got my ho-ho, daddy," he said. *(continued)*

Kennedy said: "Oh, your yo-yo. Say, what a lucky boy you are! You're really lucky to have that! Can you show me how it works?"

Patrick tried but the string wouldn't take hold. "Let me try," Ted suggested. To me, he whispered: "I never know how to work these things." He wound it up, and got it spinning, to his own surprise.

"Hey," he said, "look at that going. Look at it. Here, Patrick, give me your hand . . ." He put the string in the boy's hand and pumped it up and down with him. "Look," he said, "you're doing this, too. You're making it work!" Patrick giggled in glee.

Gossip has always surrounded the Kennedy men, and it has always been thickest around Ted—linking him with this woman or that. The whispers also involve his wife. Washington gossips love to discuss how she feels about his alleged indiscretions. Here you have your choice of whispers: (1) she knows all about his "wandering eye" but has resigned herself to it; (2) she would like to divorce him but her religion prohibits it; (3) she battles with him continually about his goings-on; (4) she has become so distraught over it all that she has been going to a psychiatrist.

Where do the whispers come from? Some originate with newsmen who cover the Senator and claim to be eyewitnesses, others with newswomen who claim to have been his bedmates. (One of the latter tells friends she is the only woman journalist who slept with all *three* Kennedy brothers, adding, "So far as I know.") Some whispers are passed along by the other women allegedly involved and by Washington officials who are not friendly to the Kennedys.

Are the whispers true? Who can tell, really?

It is not inconceivable that a young woman who has received a small measure of personal attention from as celebrated a personage as Edward Kennedy might be tempted to embroider the tale when she relates it to friends. A smile becomes an invitation, a few pleasant words a pass, a flirtation whatever fantasy wills.

More to the point is the question: Why is Ted Kennedy so scandal prone? Why does he, more than his brothers, more than almost any other person in political life today, stimulate such attention from gossips?

A wish to suffer

Perhaps part of the answer may be rooted in the human psyche, having something to do with a basic envy of the golden Kennedys and an unexpressed wish to see the last of them suffer.

Dr. Joyce Brothers, the psychologist, says: "Throughout history, attractive men with money and position have attracted gossip. Kings, queens, high courtiers have always been talked about by the populace whose lives were dull and uninteresting and who could thereby savor a few delightful moments vicariously. We should note that others in political life who do not possess Senator Kennedy's attributes would not be gossiped about. Hubert Humphrey, for example, may be a fine man, but he is not young and handsome, hence not associated with love and sex, and not rich, hence not associated with the world of beautiful people."

The gossip would diminish markedly, Dr. Brothers believes, if Ted Kennedy behaved more circumspectly. "The political personality who offers nothing for gossips to chew upon is rarely a target. Some in public life will not allow themselves to be photographed with a drink in their hands nor go anywhere even slightly questionable."

It is a good point. For Ted Kennedy is not circumspect at all and thus does little to discourage the tales. He is, on occasion, an outrageous flirt, turning the full candlepower of his great charm on an attractive woman. Whatever he has in mind, the behavior is indiscreet, especially for a Kennedy.

Following his election to the Senate in 1962, Kennedy curbed his natural exuberance, eliminating visits to night clubs and other places of public entertainment where he could be seen and gossiped about. Night clubs are still taboo, but the exuberance sometimes bursts out—and then something happens that can make headlines. On a fact-finding tour of Alaska in 1969, for example, he took a few nips from a flask he carried in his briefcase and some hi-jinks followed. He tossed some airline pillows around and led the officials and newsmen in chanting: "Eskimo power!" That Kennedy may have been entitled to a bracer after a 3,600-mile journey across the tundra was understandable. That he should have been so indiscreet as to take it in full view of the press corps, and then cavort like a Harvard freshman on a big football weekend, was lamentable.

Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, the Massachusetts congressman who has known all the Kennedys well, analyzed Ted's talent for attracting gossip this way: "Ted's personality has always been a great deal more outgoing than Jack's and certainly more than Bobby's, which could lead people to assume a great deal more about him than is actually the case. For instance, when Jack Kennedy gave a cocktail party, the invitations would say, 'From six to eight P.M.' And he meant it. Promptly at eight, the guests would be expected to pick up and go. The party would be over.

"After his election to the Senate, Ted gave a cocktail party at his Georgetown home. The invitations read 'six to eight.' But when the guests rose to leave, Ted asked, 'Where are you fellows going?' The invitation was cited.

"'Well,' Ted answered, 'I'm not my brother! Take off your coats. Besides, we've got all that food.' And so we all stayed there, swapping stories until three A.M.

Blown out of proportion

"This kind of convivial nature can easily be translated into playboyishness. Just that one party, for instance, could have been blown out of all proportion by gossips: 'Hey, did you hear about the blast at Ted's house the other night? Boy, I heard a half dozen congressmen got plastered and Ted himself was lit up like a Christmas tree and . . .' You can fill it all in yourself.

"Washington is an in-bred, gossipy kind of town. We love to swap tidbits even more than other towns because the important people are here. The stories that used to go around about Estes Kefauver, God rest his soul, would curl your hair."

I discussed "gossip" with Ted Kennedy one warm May afternoon in Washington as we sat on a stone bench a few hundred yards from the Capitol dome. In a few minutes he was due on the Senate floor for a roll call vote. As usual, he attracted attention. Two black schoolgirls approached for an autograph, holding out a candy wrapper, the only paper they had. Grinning, he borrowed my pencil and a sheet from my notebook and signed his name.

"Why do people gossip so much about you?" I asked.

"I suppose there's a lot of interest in terms of the family, in terms of my brothers,' he said. "And I suppose it all makes interesting reading for some people."

"But why so much about you?"

"Because I'm the last one left. I imagine that's the only answer. Stories such as these have always risen about people in public life. It's the price people must pay for being there, and when you add to that the fact that the Kennedys have always been controversial, the gossip flow enlarges.

"But I wouldn't want to dignify the stories with answers. All that garbage that's being spread—I don't think it's worth commenting about. There will always be sensation-seekers, those who will talk and print stories for their own reasons."

Chase down everything

Ted is an avid reader. In one day he leaped from Erich Segal to George Santayana, which is to say from *Love Story* to the works of the great American philosopher and poet. Often he would discover an author or subject and chase down everything he could find about them. On his journey to India last summer, he became entranced with the exquisite music and mystical philosophy of the great Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore and read him far into many nights. He dipped deeply, too, into the works of Jawaharlal Nehru, the late Indian Prime Minister, reading his *Glimpses of World History* and *Letters from a Father to a Daughter*. Back home, on Kennedy's desk, are three works by the great New England naturalist and social critic, Henry David Thoreau, whom he greatly admires: *Cape Cod*, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* and *The Maine Woods*. History, politics and biographies rank high with the Senator and often he reads several at once: Thomas Fleming's biography of Thomas Jefferson, *The Man from Monticello*, Clinton Rossiter's works covering the founding of the U.S., Barbara Tuchman's *Stilwell and the American Experience in China*, Frederick Dutton's *Changing Sources of Power*, Edwin O. Guthman's *We Band of Brothers* (about Robert F. Kennedy and his circle) and Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*.

As a former Harvard student who knew a Radcliffe girl or two in his time, Ted was curious about *Love Story*, the sentimental novel by Erich Segal. "I was *really* touched," he says. Nevertheless, he felt the hero was not typical of Harvard athletes, at least not any he ever knew, and his judgment of the tragic heroine sheds some light on his taste in women. "I thought she could have been somewhat softer," Ted says.

His musical preferences are unlike those of his father, who had a deep love for classical music. Ted's taste runs to the lighter classics. Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* is a special favorite; during long months in the hospital recovering from a broken back he played it constantly. He likes Andy Williams, Engelbert Humperdinck, the Supremes, Dionne Warwick and folk rock. He prefers Westerns and action movies.

He loves food but, like all the Kennedys, prefers it plain. Roast beef, steak and chicken are frequently served at home, and never mind the soufflés or anything with wine sauce. He is passionately fond of chocolate cake and could gulp chocolate chip cookies by the dozen, but, aware of his weight, he is prudent. Sometimes he forgets, however. His mother once *(continued)*

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I now weigh ____ pounds.
I would like to weigh ____ pounds.

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____

remarked: "Teddy spends a great deal of time worrying about his weight, usually while he's eating ice cream. He doesn't exactly have the Lincolnesque look he'd like."

Ted's sense of humor on the platform is merry and mischievous, more robust than John Kennedy's but sometimes as deft and understated. Often, like John, he refers to the family.

Looking for a place to settle

Talking to a refugee organization in 1968, after his brother Robert, then a senator from New York State, had announced his Presidential candidacy, Ted explained he had a great personal interest in the plight of refugees anywhere. "Bobby," he explained, "left Massachusetts three years ago and is still looking for a place to settle."

Some of his jokes are hand-me-downs. When Ted himself was 15 and chubby, John Kennedy would point to him on the platform and tell an audience: "You all know what Ted needs . . ." Five years ago, Bob Kennedy would run his fingers through his hair and say: "You all know what I need—a haircut. Well, I just got one yesterday." Now Ted Kennedy introduces his nephew Joe, nearly 19, whose hair is shoulder length, with the observation: "You all know what Joe needs . . . but he just had one last week."

Ted often kids himself, sometimes sharply. After he had been defeated for the job of Senate whip by Robert Byrd of West Virginia, he told the Gridiron Club: "I want to assure you that I have nothing against the man who beat me in that fight, Bob Byrd, but you have to admit he wouldn't even have been elected to the Senate if he hadn't run for office on the strength of a famous name."

Addressing the Consumer Federation of America, he took note of the fact that the press release announcing his appearance, issued just before the balloting, called him the Senate whip. "Under the provisions of the Truth in Packaging Act," he told the consumer group, "I am obliged to tell you that I am indeed Edward Kennedy but I am not the assistant majority leader of the Senate."

Ted works harder and longer now than he did when he first arrived in the Senate in 1962. He cannot stand being idle for as little as 20 minutes. Dick Drayne, his press secretary, shakes his head wonderingly and says, "Most men are grateful for a 20-minute break in their day; not the boss, he'll look around for something to do." People who note Ted's ebullience and relaxed, friendly manner on the platform are surprised and somewhat chagrined when he appears to be all business privately. A stewardess on an Indiana-bound jet was excited when he boarded, but pronounced him a "surly fellow" at flight's end because he had buried himself in his briefcase and never looked up during the entire journey.

Though he swims, skis, plays tennis and touch football, his favorite sport by far is sailing, which he takes with the utmost seriousness. Those who crew with him say his orders are crisp and he expects them to be obeyed. Woe to the seaman who is slow.

If Kennedy finds relaxation on the water, he also seeks it *in* the water. He soaks in a bathtub daily in late afternoon or before dinner. The water warms his skin and eases his tensed muscles, and he emerges refreshed. This habit sometimes creates problems for his staff when he is campaigning.

Gerry Doherty, Ted's campaign manager, says: "It gets tough when we're out in the boondocks someplace. Once he was speaking at a country fair at Gilbertville, Mass., which is between Springfield and Worcester. It got to be around that time of day and he had that look on his face; he wanted to soak in a tub.

"I went around knocking on doors, asking people if it would be all right if Edward Kennedy came in to take a bath in their bathtubs. People looked at me like I was nuts. Finally I found some guy who seemed to think it was okay. It's not so easy in the cities, either. Lots of times you go around and people in small apartments would gladly offer their showers but that wasn't the idea. We had to apologize and say it wasn't anything Ted Kennedy had against your apartment, he just wanted a bathtub."

Ted is absolutely fantastic with children, his own or anyone else's. He has an entire repertoire of animal stories that enthrall them, mostly because he does voice impersonations of all the animals. He tells these stories nightly to his children—in person when he is home, over the telephone when he is not. One of the more remarkable things in Washington must surely be the sight (and sound) of a United States Senator making animal-like noises into the mouthpiece of a phone.

Said Gerry Doherty, "Every year Ted comes to my house [in Boston] for an open house that follows a parade marking the Battle of Bunker Hill. Usually we have some three hundred people there. Well, a few months ago Ted was in my den with four small kids on his lap and another thirty or so sitting on the floor in front of him in rapt attention as he told those stories about Johnny the Crocodile and Billy the Bear. He invents stories on the spot and those impersonations are as good as any done by a professional actor. None of the kids had the vaguest idea who he was. All they knew was that he told great stories."

He spends as much time as he can with the fatherless Kennedy children, John's and Robert's. He remembers all their birthdays with gifts and phone calls and personal visits if he is near. He is a frequent visitor at Hickory Hill (the Robert Kennedy Virginia home) and, in the warm months, at the Hyannis Port homes, where he plans special events for the children.

One spring, he and California Representative John V. Tunney (Ted's roommate at the University of Virginia Law School) packed food, equipment and a crowd of kids into a mobile camper and took off for Douthat State Park near Clifton Forge, Va., where they all swam, fished, hiked and rode horses. (When the two men swam out past the buoys marking the swimming areas, a teen-age lifeguard, unimpressed by their fame, motioned them to come back. They did.)

Ted has been especially close with Bobby's oldest boy, Joe, who worked hard for Uncle Ted in the 1970 campaign—and who does not want him to run for President. Ted brought Joe along to private high-level political conferences, letting him see how things are run from the inside. In 1968, after Bobby's murder, he took Joe to Spain to test baby bulls. (Ted was badly shaken when photographs of the boy, blood flowing from a deep scratch, were published in the newspapers. "That's all Ethel needs now," Ted said.)

He was distressed in the summer of 1970 when Bobby Jr. was taken to court on a charge of possessing marijuana; he dropped everything to rush to Hyannis Port, where he had a long talk with the boy. He takes John Jr., son of the late President, sailing as often as he takes young Teddy. One day, the Senator visited the temporary Kennedy library in Walpole, Mass. He picked up the coconut shell upon which Lt. John F. Kennedy had scribbled a message for help after his PT-109 had been wrecked by a Japanese destroyer. "Some day," Ted told Dave Powers, the acting curator in charge of JFK memorabilia, "I'd like to take young John out there to the Solomon Islands and let him see what his father did in World War II."

Ted will interrupt important business meetings to help solve a child's problem. In June 1970, his Boston townhouse was filled with newsmen and television equipment to record his announcement that he would run for reelection to the Senate. He had just concluded his statement and opened the floor to questions when Patrick, then three, came up to him. "Daddy," he said, "the meow is here again." A stray cat had been hanging around the yard and Patrick was worried it might be hungry. "Okay," Kennedy said to his son, "let's go look." The reporters waited while the Senator helped his son find the cat.

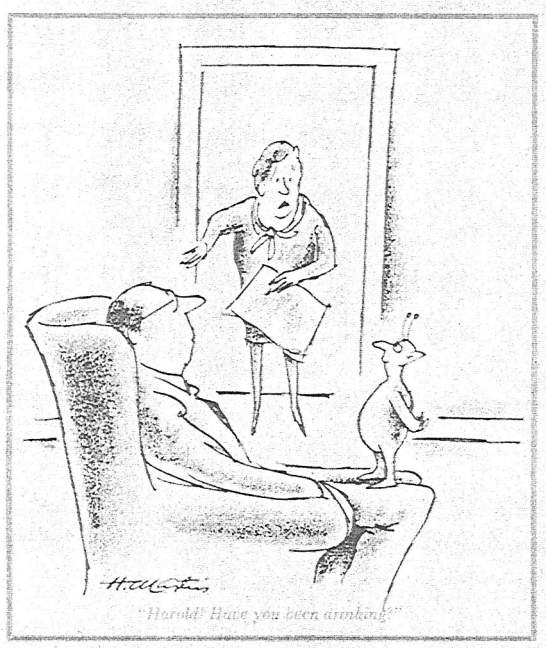
While he believes in, and practices, the Kennedy credo that winning is important, Ted applies the doctrine less rigidly to his children than his father did. When Teddy Jr. got a first and a fourth at a school field day, the Senator was proud, but he did not demand to know why the fourth wasn't a first. "He did the best he could," he said.

Ted Kennedy has no special formula for rearing the best possible children. "I don't think one has ever been devised," he told me, "nor will it ever be." He understands them, though, perhaps more than most men over thirty do.

No "turning point"

Edward Kennedy says he can look back upon no single event in his life that reshaped his personality, altered his outlook and sharpened his intellectual awareness. These things happened after his 30th year, but for him there was no "turning point," as some Teddy-watchers have insisted, no climactic moment that could make him say: Before it happened, I was *this* kind of person, afterward I was *that* kind.

Until he was elected to the Senate, Ted Kennedy had been a relatively uncomplex human being. He enjoyed the game of politics thoroughly, was exhilarated by athletics, liked good times, loved his family and had a sunny outlook on the life that could provide these things. If he had any of the self-doubts that racked Bobby, they were not evident. He was not a brooder like Bobby nor did he possess his brother's bulldog aggressiveness. Though he competed hard, he did not flog himself to increasingly better performance as Bobby did. He was not essentially a thinking man, like John, nor did he possess John's unquenchable thirst for knowledge. He was not yet sobered by tragedy, as John had been: John had been old enough to be affected by the deaths of his older brother Joe, whom he admired, and his sister Kathleen. *(continued)*



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TED KENNEDY *continued*

Until the opening of the 1960s, Ted was essentially a big, happy, laugh-it-up Irishman who skimmed along the surface of life, a swashbuckler often to the point of rashness and sometimes beyond, yet largely unspoiled by his family's millions.

One summer soon after his graduation from Harvard in 1956, he and Dave Hackett, a family friend, engaged in a bit of derring-do that might have come out of a Humphrey Bogart movie. On a cruise along the Maine coast with Ethel and Bobby and a few other friends, Ted and Hackett, clad only in swim trunks, rowed a dinghy to shore to pick up supplies. They passed a sleek yacht, where several couples were enjoying predinner cocktails on deck. A man, glass in hand, leaned over the rail as Ted, straining at the oars, rowed past. "Faster, faster! Row faster," he called, joshing him. "Mind your own business," Ted snapped back, whereupon the man on the deck called to him: "Come back here and say that again."

Ted did. He rowed to the yacht and clambered aboard. He grabbed the man who had taunted him and threw him into the water. The women on deck ran below, screaming; their men followed to see that they were safe, then began returning to the deck.

By this time, Hackett had come aboard. The two husky young men stood on either side of the narrow hatchway, waiting for the men to come back. "As each guy appears," Hackett later related, "I grab him and spin him around and throw him to Teddy, and Teddy throws him overboard. In no time all of the men—there were about eight of them—were in the water. I never saw anything like it."

In Europe, Ted entered a one-man bobsled race and, though he had never been in one before, hurtled around the dangerous curves at a speed of well over 80 miles an hour to come in first. While climbing the 14,688-foot Matterhorn, he slipped and dangled for heart-stopping moments over a sheer precipice. Suspended there, he coolly peeled and ate an orange, then climbed back and went on to the top.

Campaigning for his brother John in 1960, he (1) got aboard a bucking bronco at a Montana rodeo and stayed put five seconds before being spilled into the dust, (2) made the first ski jump of his life—180 feet—at a contest in Wisconsin, (3) barnstormed throughout the West in a plane he piloted himself, (4) took the controls of the *Caroline*, the Kennedy family's plane, and landed at Las Vegas Airport with surprising smoothness. (This was done with John Kennedy's permission.)

His election to the Senate in 1962 did not, of course, instantly erase this reckless part of his nature, but there was a marked diminution of the adventurous spirit. He stayed out of night clubs and swimming pools (while fully dressed). Instead he immersed himself in Senate work. His main concern was to become an effective Senator, a concern that has remained and deepened. Throughout my conversations with him he constantly referred to his responsibilities to the Senate and his constituents and to his "effectiveness."

Then came 1963 and the assassination of President Kennedy.

To William Evans, then his administrative assistant, the change in Ted was clearly visible. "There was a void left in what his brother had launched," Evans says. "Ted felt, 'Now I have more of a part.' " The realization that a responsibility had been placed on his shoulders accelerated the transition.

Larger role to fill

This first of the four major tragedies of the decade for Ted Kennedy prepared him for the education he undertook during his convalescence from his injuries in a plane crash near Springfield, Mass., two years later. Had John Kennedy been alive, there might not have been the same urgency to know more and study harder. With his brother gone, shocked into the awareness that he had a larger role to fill, he focused his considerable energies on learning and studying. As a result, he achieved remarkable intellectual growth during those eight months in an orthopedic frame.

Classmate George Anderson feels the air crash was responsible for "the first real change in Ted." He says: "Instead of being an average student, easily diverted, he developed an intellectual curiosity that impelled him to dig deeply into all manner of subjects." John Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard economist, saw him blossom, pronouncing him "first rate as a quick study."

Mrs. Rita Dallas, Joseph P. Kennedy's private nurse after his incapacitating stroke, noticed this change:

"After his own illness, Ted came to a deeper understanding of what sickness is and how sick people feel, something one doesn't truly know unless one has been there. Before his crash, Ted would come into the house singing, making jokes and trying to liven up things for his father because he felt his dad wanted that kind of cheering. Afterward, he understood that a sick man doesn't really want to be entertained all the time, that what he really wants is the presence of a loved one. So after he recovered, Ted would just sit there quietly with his father. The feeling was there in the room, of two people extending out toward one another silently, and it was beautiful."

Nonetheless, Kennedy himself knows the plane crash was not the only episode responsible for the growth and the changes. "It had a significant impact," he told me, "but there were other changes, too, in different ways, all through that period."

After Bobby's death in 1968, Ted developed a strong streak of fatalism. Few hints of this had appeared before, but after Bob's murder in Los Angeles there was no doubting that the attitude was there nor from whence it had come.

Before he died, Robert Kennedy frequently expressed fatalistic thoughts. Once someone cautioned him against a move that might prove damaging to his future political prospects. He replied: "I can't be sitting around here calculating whether something I do is going to hurt my political situation in 1972. Who knows whether I'm going to be alive in 1972?" One day in 1964, while he was pondering whether or not to run for the Senate, Bob said despairingly: "I don't know that it makes any difference what I do. Maybe we're all doomed anyway." Another time he said, "Man is not made for safe havens. If it's going to happen, it's going to happen."

Ted's words in the last years of the 1960s echo Bob's. "Whatever is going to occur in life will occur," he told Dave Burke, his former administrative assistant. Paralleling Bobby's cry of despair, "Maybe we're all doomed," was Ted's moment of hopelessness when he wondered if "some awful curse" hung over the family.

During the 10 weeks of solitary mourning on Cape Cod after Bob's death, Ted Kennedy made the two major decisions of his life: He would remain in public service, and he would carry on Bobby's unfinished work of helping the poor and disadvantaged. He saw much that was wrong in the world. "So many people suffering needlessly," he said, "and if I think I can help, it seems to me I must try." Often during my conversations with him he talked about "the voiceless and the powerless." He said: "I'd like to be their voice, their Senator."

At the start of this article we noted that the fun has gone out of politics for Ted Kennedy, and now we see what has happened. As he has matured, he has channeled his drive, his main focus, from the *game* of politics to the *changes* in our society that a man in politics can help to bring about. For him, seemingly, the excitement, the satisfactions, the passion will henceforth lie less in the contest than in the goals that can be attained.

Acting on impulse

He has become increasingly involved in causes. He has visited refugee camps, nursing homes, hospitals, impoverished areas and come home with an ever deeper conviction that the poor, the hungry, the oppressed need a voice. And he will act on impulse in their behalf without thinking, or caring, about political or other consequences.

In the Spring of 1969, he told his aides that he would fly to Calexico on the California-Mexico border to demonstrate his support of Cesar Chavez and the strike his United Farm Workers Organizing Committee had been conducting against grape growers for four years. He had wanted to go for a long time but his staff had warned him off—Chavez had many enemies and he would be exposed to, who knows, some crazy people who might be angry enough to fire shots. Ted had already expressed his support; why anger other elements opposed to the strike by a personal appearance? The Senator had listened. But one Saturday, following a touch football game at Hickory Hill, he went home, packed and took off for the airport. With him were about a half dozen staff members, still unshow-

"I hope you'll be done by the time my TV dinners are."

ered after the game, still objecting. The following day he addressed strikers from a flat-bed truck: "*Viva la huelga!* [Long live the strike.] Cesar is my brother!" He admitted that his aides had all the right reasons for not going. But he had wanted to show the strikers personally how he felt about them, and he did.

In late May, soon after his return, he was driving to his Senate office one morning when a news story on his car radio riveted his attention. For 10 days, American forces had fought a bloody battle to capture Hill 937 in Northwestern South Vietnam. Finally, on May 20, the hill was won at a cost of 84 dead and 480 wounded. United States troops had been so decimated by enemy rocket grenades, automatic weapons and mines that the American soldiers gave it their own name: Hamburger Hill.

Kennedy's indignation boiled over. Less than two hours later, and once more against the advice of his aides, he was standing on the Senate floor denouncing the army's actions as "senseless and irresponsible." Why, at this stage of the war, was the Army still continuing to send young men to their deaths to capture hills and positions that have no relation to this conflict? he demanded. (Soon after the hill had been captured by the 101st Airborne Division, the Army issued orders to abandon it!)

A final question

One by one, the Kennedy men have moved up to take the place of a brother who fell, and now Edward Kennedy is at the head of the line. One final question remains:

How does he truly feel about the higher goal the others eventually sought? Does he want to be President?

In 1968, while helping Bob make a bid for the Presidential nomination, Ted told a throng at a picnic in Iowa: "Eight years ago, I was introduced as the brother of a President. Today I'm introduced as the brother of a Presidential candidate. If about eight years from now you see me coming back to this picnic, well. . . ." His voice trailed off and a small smile appeared. The crowd cheered.

To students at Harvard last year, he said: "I know you look forward to starting the academic year under your dynamic new president, Derek C. Bok. I know when Dr. Bok was first proposed for the presidency some said he was too young, but as for myself, I've always felt that the country needs more young presidents, so I was with him all the way." At Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he said of Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, its recently elected president: "I always knew one of us would be elected president some day. . . ."

Bobby would joke about the Presidency, too. In his 1968 drive for the nomination, Bobby got big laughs when he told throngs he had assigned Ted to get tens of thousands of campaign buttons manufactured. "When they arrived," he said, "they all had Teddy's name on them."

Jests? Of course, but the assumption was always there that Ted Kennedy some day would run for the White House. For all his affability, he was, as his mother once said, "very ambitious, and naturally he wants to do what the other boys did."

In midsummer of 1971, as others began entering the lists for the Democratic nomination, Kennedy insisted he would not be a candidate. One afternoon in Washington, he told me what he had been saying to newsmen for months, and almost in the same words:

"My sole ambition is to be a good Senator." In the Senate, he said, he can help make a significant contribution toward the reduction of world and domestic tensions. He added that he hoped to have some influence on the direction the Democratic Party will take in the months ahead but would not actively seek the nomination in July of 1972. He needed time, he said, time to gain more experience, time to take care of all the children, time to assess the public mood.

All through 1971 he repeated the disclaimer: "I'm not a candidate." "It feels wrong in my gut." "I want to establish more of a record in the Senate." When the polls showed him well ahead of the entire pack of Presidential hopefuls he was still insisting: "I haven't changed my mind."

All through 1971, he was, as a friend said, "having himself one hell of a time not running—and staying very much in it at the same time." Since he "was not a candidate," he was not obliged, like the others, to tiptoe gingerly around and through the issues, fearful of offending some political boss or alienating any segment of the electorate. He could have his political cake and eat it, too; he could speak out on any subject he pleased, go anywhere, do anything.

And he did. He traveled all across the country with his Senate health subcommittee, nipping at the flanks of the American Medical Association and getting growled at in return. He accused President Nixon and the A.M.A. of forming a "marriage of convenience" opposed to meaningful reform of the nation's health care system.

When Vietnam war veterans gathered in Washington for their Mayday demonstration in May 1971, Ted went out at midnight to the Mall at the foot of the Capitol where they had set up camp. Combat-garbed, the veterans were trying to keep warm in the chill. Kennedy drank wine with the men and sang songs with them until 2 A.M. Emerging from a closed session with their leaders, he said: "I'm an admirer of these people. They've fought and they've fought gallantly. They are the best of the country." Next day, after the protesters tried to halt traffic during the rush hours as part of their avowed intention to "stop the Government," police swept thousands of them off the streets in mass arrests, and it soon became known that they had dispensed with normal legal procedures.

Indignant calls

A few days later, Kennedy spoke out angrily during an address at Iona College outside New York: "Most of the arrested demonstrators were your children, your nieces and nephews. They included perfectly 'straight' secretaries and professional men and women and serious students and, of course, Vietnam veterans. We on Capitol Hill know, not only because we see them in the streets and in the detention camps, but also because their parents are calling us to find out where and how they are." Hearing this, more than a dozen in his audience stalked out. Later, his Washington and Boston offices received indignant telephone calls and letters: Why wasn't Senator Kennedy standing up for law and order? Why was he defending those hippie kids who tried to stop the Government? If the police had arrested them, they got what they deserved.

Kennedy invaded hawkish Charleston, S.C., for a rare speaking engagement in the South. Addressing the South Carolina Jaycees, he reaffirmed his continuing opposition to the war, to increased military spending, to building the supersonic transport, to racism.

In May 1971, he sent a cablegram to Red China's Premier Chou En-lai asking for permission to visit the mainland. In August he flew to India to see for himself the plight of the 7,500,000 refugees fleeing East Pakistan after the West Pakistani Army brutally undertook to crush a separatist rebellion. Barred from entering the country by the Pakistani Government, presumably because of his criticisms *(continued)*

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of its administration and of American arms shipments there, he toured refugee camps in India. He was shocked, he said, by a tragedy "unequaled in modern times."

All this activity was obviously intended to keep Kennedy's name and face before the public. Observers pointedly noted that the Senator had not made any Shermanesque statement—he had never said that he wouldn't run if nominated nor serve if elected. His brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, while accepting at face value Kennedy's disclaimer of Presidential ambitions, commented: "What a man says can be changed by events."

Rallies all week long

It isn't far by road from the heart of Boston to the small city of Haverhill, just below the New Hampshire border. Even in fairly heavy traffic, Edward M. Kennedy drove the 35 miles in less than an hour, arriving shortly before noon. Mayor James A. Waldron was grateful he had come because this mid-June day in 1970 was special in Haverhill.

The thriving little community, birthplace of the poet John Greenleaf Whittier, was celebrating the 100th anniversary of its elevation to the rank of city. There had been rallies and dinners all week long and now a parade was to wind through the streets as a grand climax.

Senator Kennedy stood in the hot sun beside his car in a large square, talking with two aides as he waited for the parade to begin.

Suddenly an explosion—sharp and loud—rocked the square. It startled everyone, especially Edward Kennedy.

A few feet from the Senator stood James Spada, a college student from New York City. Young Spada edits a small quarterly, *EMK*, devoted to the life and times of the senator. He has accompanied Kennedy on campaign tours and other public appearances.

This is what Spada saw:

"Ted Kennedy gave a cry—'Ho!'—and doubled up, both hands grabbing his stomach as though he had gotten a severe pain. He fell back inside the opened door of his car, on the seat.

"His face was white. It looked totally drained of expression. He was staring straight ahead.

"Then, in just a few seconds, he relaxed. His face took on color and he was smiling and jaunty as though nothing had happened."

A portable cannon, trundled into the square to signal the start of the march, had been practice-fired a few dozen feet away by men dressed as Revolutionary War soldiers. A Kennedy aide, Paul Kirk, called to Spada and Phillip Heller, a young campaign worker standing with him: Would they ask the men to refrain from firing again until Senator Kennedy had gone out of the area? The men complied.

This was not an isolated happening. When sudden loud reports occur within his hearing, Ted Kennedy reacts. Only a few months earlier, another cannon had boomed near the Senator during a St. Patrick's Day parade in Lawrence, north of Boston, and he had flinched. His wife, Joan, who was walking beside him, had quickly grasped his arm.

Child of tragedy

Always the reaction is fleeting. At Haverhill, moments later, the lead band struck up and Ted Kennedy, a broad smile on his face, strode the entire four-mile length of the march, waving at the crowds lining the sidewalks.

The thought that he is a child of tragedy is never far from Ted Kennedy, his family and the people who work with him. It is almost never spoken, but there is never any doubt of its chilling presence.

The U.S. Secret Service reports that between 1964 and 1971, 355 threats were made against Ted Kennedy and members of his family, three times more than any other Senator. One close friend says: "His life is threatened weekly. Stories that he receives a hundred [such] phone calls a week are exaggerated, but I can tell you they are numerous."

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From her very first period, it's safe for

The threats are so numerous that Kennedy's wife and two older children have become anxious about his safety. When the Senator is away from home, he will telephone them frequently. During these conversations, he will ask the children about school work, discuss a forthcoming camping trip, tell stories of what is happening, all to reassure them—and Joan, too—that he is well. Sometimes, the family will call him.

On those rare occasions that she talks about it, Joan reveals that she is living with the tension all the time. Once a visitor to her McLean home pointed to the Senator, who, in bathing trunks, was conferring with an aide on the terrace. "Look," the visitor said to Joan, "couldn't someone just come down the road, into the house and . . ." He didn't finish because Joan's eyes were filling with tears.

The thought is with Rose Kennedy too. It has been widely printed that Ted once had to promise his mother that he would run for President. I asked the Senator if this was true; he said she had never asked him and he had never promised.

Actually, according to her friend Marie Green, who has known Rose from childhood, Mrs. Kennedy does *not* want Ted to seek the Presidency, though she has never asked him not to run. "She hopes he will continue to be a good public servant, but not in the highest office," Mrs. Green told me. "The reasons are obvious, aren't they? As a mother who has had such tragedies . . ."

His family's feelings have had a strong effect upon Kennedy's attitude toward the Presidency.

"I certainly have ambitions," he told me, "but my own career as a political figure is heavily conditioned by other factors and forces that are perhaps not as weighty with other people. How these forces will balance and mix in the future is something that is unresolved in my own mind."

He made it clear he was talking about the assassination factor. ("The forces I'm talking about are kind of self-evident," he said.) When his brother John was moving forward in politics, Ted told me, the thought of assassination did not exert the kind of restraint it does now.

"Obviously," Kennedy said, "these forces are not inhibiting me completely or I wouldn't stay in public office."

Here, then, is his most profound concern. He is aware of how Joan feels, of his mother's worries, of the effect upon his children, of his responsibilities to them all; therefore he hesitates.

Considerable soul-searching

As for himself, he has resolved the problem of personal fear. Though he may react viscerally to sudden loud noises, he has done considerable soul-searching and decided that he will not allow fear to paralyze him, to dominate his life or to drive him from what he wants to do, even though he reportedly said: "I know that I'm going to get my ass shot off one day and I don't want to."

On his desk in his Senate office, with the works of Thoreau, is a slender, blue-bound volume of Shakespeare, small enough to be slipped into a coat pocket. It is an inexpensive book, one of a set of 40 given out free by the Book-of-the-

Month Club as a premium for joining. The play is *Julius Caesar.*

On page 36, Ted has underlined this passage in red ink and marked it with an asterisk:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Kennedy lives by this thought. He will not be terrified into hiding or retiring from public life, though some of his close friends and associates advise this. Gerry Doherty, for one, has anguish in his voice as he cries: "I hope to God he and Joan will just go somewhere and live long, happy lives, that he won't try to be President. Because if he does. . . ." Doherty pauses.

"When I tell him this, he just shrugs and says, 'What will be, will be. What God will ordain will happen.' He tells me that if he must fulfill a challenge, he will."

"Tip" O'Neill, the veteran Cambridge congressman who has known Ted Kennedy most of his life, says: "This man was bred to be President."

Majority Leader Mike Mansfield: "It's preordained with Ted. I'm afraid it's not a question of choice but a matter of destiny."

Dick Clasby: "I know this man as well as anybody and I know he will never say I've gone this far and this is as far as I want to go. If he feels it is right, that he is suited to go on, then he will."

Higher office?

At Squaw Island, I put one final question to Ted Kennedy: "You have said that these forces, these concerns, are not inhibiting you completely or you would not remain in public office. But will they inhibit you from *ever* seeking higher public office?"

He replied: "I won't say that perhaps some time in the future I won't have a turn of interest or heart, or be a good deal more active, or pursue a higher ambition. It isn't something I'm bothered about or thinking about now—today. But I can't say whether that will or won't be so sometime in the future."

He walked with me to the driveway, with Patrick at his side. As I drove back to the mainland, past the hamburger stands and seafood taverns along Route 28, I thought of what an old Boston politician had told me a few weeks before as he sat in his law office on Beacon St. "As sure as those lawns on Boston Common turn green in the spring of the year, as sure as the golden dome of the State House catches the rays of the rising sun, that boy is going to run for the job one brother had and another brother wanted."

There was no doubt in my mind, that end-of-summer day in 1971, that Edward Moore Kennedy had just told me precisely that. END

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. —Oscar Wilde